

LARSON'S MAMMOTH MID-WINTER CLEARANCE SALE

Our great clearing sale is a success because experience in previous sales has taught the public that our values are real. They come to us expecting bargains, knowing they will get them and they find them. The object of this extraordinary sale is to entirely clean out our stock. Everything must go regardless of price to make room for our new goods. If you have been waiting for the most favorable time to buy, you better buy now, no lower prices can possibly be made this season.

The Following Bargains Can't Help But Interest You

Suits \$25.00 Suits \$17.50 22.50 Suits 15.80 20.00 Suits 14.00 17.50 Suits 12.25 15.00 Suits 11.00 12.50 Suits 8.75 10.00 Suits 6.00	Overcoats \$22.50 Overcoats \$15.80 20.00 Overcoats 14.00 17.50 Overcoats 12.25 15.00 Overcoats 10.50 12.50 Overcoats 8.75 TOP COATS \$15.00 Topcoats \$10.00	High Top Working Shoes \$7.50 High top shoes \$5.50 7.00 High top shoes 5.00 6.00 High top shoes 4.50 These values in working shoes are positively the best obtainable and will not last long at these prices.	Boy's School Shoes The kind they can't wear out In sizes from 11 to 2 \$2.00 In sizes from 2 1-2 to 5 1-2 2.25 Boys Hightop Waterproof Shoes In sizes from 11 to 2 \$2.50 In sizes from 2 1-2 to 5 1-2 2.75
Dress Shoes \$5.00 Dress Shoes \$3.50 4.50 Dress Shoes 3.25 4.00 Dress Shoes 3.00 3.50 Dress Shoes 2.75 3.00 Dress Shoes 2.50 2.75 Dress Shoes 2.00	Loggers' Shoes Best \$8.00 Logger Shoe made \$6.75 Best 7.00 Logger Shoe made 5.40 Best 6.00 Logger Shoe made 4.50 Men who are in need of anything in this line will do well to buy now.	All-wool Sweaters In sweaters we are pretty well cleaned out but we have a few in the following sizes 34-36 and 38-40 at the following prices: \$3.00 Sweaters for \$2.00 2.00 Sweaters for 1.00	All-wool Underwear \$4.00 all-wool Underwear \$3.00 2.50 all-wool Underwear 1.75 This underwear is of the best make and guaranteed to be all-wool.
Young Men's Suits \$20.00 Young mens suits \$14.00 17.50 Young mens suits 12.25 15.00 Young mens suits 10.50 12.50 Young mens suits 8.75	Men's best all-wool Pants \$4.00 Trousers \$2.75 3.50 Trousers 2.50 3.00 Trousers 2.00 2.50 Trousers 1.75	Dress Shirts \$2.50 Dress Shirts \$1.75 2.25 Dress Shirts 1.50 2.00 Dress Shirts 1.35 1.50 and \$1.25 Dress Shirts 1.00	All-wool Shirts \$3.50 all-wool shirts \$2.75 3.00 all-wool shirts 2.25 2.75 all-wool shirts 2.00 2.00 all-wool shirts 1.50

THE WORKINGMANS STORE

CHARLES LARSON Prop.

"The Bond Street Bargain Store"

Next Door to Ross Higgins

A Girl and A Garden.

By Frank H. Williams.
Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"I could love you," said the pretty neighbor, and then as the man impetuously reached for her she added quickly, "for your garden!"

The man's face fell. "Now, I call that downright mean," declared the man vigorously. "You're a nice, pretty neighbor. Here I've been courting you and making love to you for months, and now I find that it's not me, but my garden, that's made an impression. I'll sell the garden," he added roughly.

The pretty neighbor clasped her hands in real distress.

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "You don't really mean that! Think how long it's been in your family! Think how much care your mother and your grandmother and your great-grandmother spent on all these dear flowers!"

"Time is selling it!" growled the man. "I'll get an old factory, a bakery or something of that sort here!" "Oh, oh!" cried the pretty neighbor. "I mean it!" cried the man. "I'll start right away."

Wholly distressed, the pretty neighbor, her hands tightly clenched, watched the man as he went down one of the paths toward a gay little summer house.

She was standing near a wall, beside a little fountain, and all about her the garden was a bower of beauty. Vines between the trees radiated from the spot where she stood. Birds sang in the trees. She could hardly realize that the big, hurrying city was just on the other side of the wall.

From the summer house she saw the man come out. In one hand he carried a big white board, in the other a bucket of paint and a brush. When he reached the pretty neighbor he placed the board against the wall and without a word took up the brush.

"What are you going to do?" the girl asked somewhat tremulously. "Paint," answered the man laconically.

With fascinated eyes the girl watched him as the letters grew under his brush. Across the top of the board he painted in big brutal letters the words, "For Sale."

The pretty neighbor caught her breath as the cruel sentence, glaring red, stared at her from the board. Underneath these words the man worked industriously for a little time.

While he worked the girl gazed back at the garden with tear dimmed eyes. When he had finished the man gave a little sigh of satisfaction. The girl

looked at the sign again and gasped. "For Sale," it read. "This Garden, Suitable For a Factory. Apply Within to Martin Connor."

"You—aren't going to nail that sign up, are you?" questioned the girl, perilously close to tears. "Sure!" ejaculated the man. The man picked up the sign, holding it awkwardly to save his clothes from paint, and, with the bucket and brush in the other hand, again went toward the gay little summer house. He whistled as he went, but the girl, who followed, with difficulty stifled her sobs.

At the summer house the man deposited his painting utensils and secured hammer and nails. Still whistling, he led the way through a secluded little iron gate to the street.

Once outside, the man carefully nailed the sign to the wall. When the work was finished he stepped back a bit to admire it. The girl, who had watched the proceedings, cried out at this. "You're perfectly horrid!" she cried. "I hate you!"

Then the pretty neighbor, frantically dabbling at her eyes with an absurd little handkerchief, ran across the street to her own home.

When the pretty neighbor awoke the next morning she could not think at first what sorrow was near her. Then it came to her in a jump. The garden was to be sold! She shuddered as she thought of the heartless sten and decided that she would never, never look at it again.

A moment later she was at the window, peering out at the garden wall opposite. Her heart gave a little bound as the blank face of the wall met her gaze. The sign was gone.

It was a very merry pretty neighbor that hailed Martin shortly after.

"Ho," cried the pretty neighbor, boldly walking through the little iron gate into the garden—"ho, I knew you didn't mean to sell your garden! You thought you'd scare me into loving you!"

The man, who had been weeding, looked up at her. He wore an old broad brimmed straw hat that in some undefinable way made him seem even more strikingly handsome than ever.

"You're wrong," he declared slowly. "It's sold!"

"What?" cried the pretty neighbor in consternation.

"Yes," replied the man.

"And some one's going to put up a horrid, grimy factory here?" wailed the pretty neighbor.

"Perhaps," said the man listlessly. "I'm glad you came over," he went on. "I was afraid I'd have to go without saying goodbye to you."

"Goodby?" asked the girl, her face a picture of surprise and dismay.

"Yes," the man went on, "I'm going away. My train leaves at noon. You may never see me again."

"Why—why are you going?" stammered the pretty neighbor very woe-

fully. The man looked up at her quickly. "There's nothing for me to stay here for," he replied without animation, evidently not finding what he hoped in the girl's face.

"I'm sorry," said the girl finally. She extended her hand. In silence he shook it. Slowly she went toward the gate. When she was almost there the man called to her.

"I'm a brute," he declared contritely. "For letting you think for a minute that I'd ever really let a factory be erected here. Since you love the garden so you're a right to know that the man who has bought it is your father. He will not disturb it for some time—not for the present at least."

"Oh!" cried the girl. For a moment her face was radiant, then suddenly it went sad again.

"Wouldn't you—would you come back some time and visit my father's garden?" she asked.

"No, I'll not come back," the man replied. "It—it would hurt too much Goodby."

"Goodby," repeated the girl and slowly went through the little iron gate, across the street to her home.

Several times during the next hour she looked at the clock and involuntarily sighed. The morning was going very fast, it seemed. Faster and faster the time flew on toward noon. Presently it was 10:30, then 10:45 and then 11 o'clock.

When the morning reached this point the pretty neighbor was suddenly galvanized into action. "Good gracious!" she cried, jumping from the chair where she had been endeavoring to read a book. "Good gracious, he may be gone, and I haven't found out where he is going!"

Without more ado the pretty neighbor raced out of the house and across the street to the little iron gate. The gate was locked! Wildly she tore around the wall to the great front gate. Through this she ran up the shady, curving path to the big house.

Suddenly, as at high speed she bore around a particularly sharp curve, she plumped right into the arms of the man. The latter, when he saw that it was the pretty neighbor, dropped the suit case he had been carrying and drew her closely to him.

"Dear, dear sweetheart," he cried, "I simply can't leave you! I can't do it!" He hugged her so tightly that she fairly gasped for breath. However, the pretty neighbor had enough breath left to gasp a reply—a very faint reply.

"Don't go," she said, burrowing her head into his coat. "Don't go. It's not your garden I want. It's not your garden I'm in love with. It's you!"

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S

Jones' Van Dyck. People told Jones that his youth was against him—he looked too young. If he wanted to rise rapidly in his profession he would have to grow a few hirsuterial decorations.

He started a Van Dyck. His wife watched its growth critically. She didn't take to it—said she married a young man, not a professor. The whiskers grew and grew, and hubby looked more and more like a pirate. Wiley tried to talk him out of them, but he insisted they were an actual necessity in his profession.

One morning Jones woke up with his chin feeling moist and sticky. He rubbed his hand over his face foliage and found it wet. Then he opened his eyes and saw his wife standing over him with a bottle of peroxide in her hand. Filled with alarm, he jumped out of bed and over to the mirror. Already the stuff that makes blonds to order had done its work. That princely growth was red, yellow and maize, even as the growing corn. Jones had to wipe the dust off his razor and remove the chin weeds.

"I suppose you think you've done something pretty smart," he observed to Mrs. Jones graciously as he removed another bunch. "You've ruined my profession, that's what you've done."

"Rather smooth shaven competency," averred his wife sweetly, "than whiskered luxury."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Moving Force.

A teacher after giving some lessons on physical force asked, "Now, boys, can any of you tell me what force it is that moves people along the street?" He was greatly surprised and the class highly amused at receiving from one of the boys the unexpected answer:

"Please, sir, the police force."

Good Cough Medicine For Children.

The season for coughs and colds is now at hand and too much care cannot be used to protect the children. A child is much more likely to contract diphtheria or scarlet fever when he has a cold. The quicker you cure his cold the less the risk. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the sole reliance of many mothers, and few of those who have tried it are willing to use any other.

Mrs. F. F. Starcher, of Ripley, W. Va., says, "I have never used anything other than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for my children and it has always given good satisfaction." This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a child as to an adult. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

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SCALPING. Indian Tradition That Tells the Origin of the Custom.

According to the Indian tradition, scalping arose in this wise: Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years ago, when all the Indians in the world were of one tribe and under one chief, there arose a dispute in the tribe as to who should succeed the old chief, who had just died without issue. There were two principal aspirants to the honor, each having a considerable following. The dispute finally ended with strife and war, and for the first time in the history was "brothers' blood shed by brothers."

The chief of one of the factions had a beautiful daughter, and one of the bravest warriors was a suitor for her hand. Her father consented to the match on one condition—that the young brave should journey to the camp of the enemy, many miles away through the deep snow, kill the chief, his rival, and return with some unmistakable token of his death. In spite of the snow and the distance, the young man immediately set out on his journey and, after lying in ambush for several days, finally entered the camp, boldly attacked the chief in his tent, slew him and cut off his head.

Next morning the murder was discovered, and the tribe set off in hot pursuit. Little by little they gained upon the fleeing warrior, who in his anxiety to elude his pursuers cast away all his impediments, to his very clothing, retaining only his stone knife and the trophy which was to win him his bride.

His pursuers gained rapidly until finally so near did they come he could hear them on his trail. His grewsome burden grew heavier and heavier, and as a last resort he whipped out his knife, stripped the scalp from the head of the dead man and, thus lightened of his load, reached his own camp in safety, presented to his chief the token of his prowess and was wed, amid great rejoicing, to the damsel of his choice.

From thenceforth he was permitted to wear an eagle's feather in his cap, and to this day the eagle's feather remains the sign of the successful warrior, the number he displays depending upon the number of scalps he has taken.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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TREED BY A BEAR. Broke Out of Cage and Got After a Keeper.

CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—Samuel Rocks (colored), employed as keeper by the owner of an animal show in an amusement park, was treed by a large black bear last night when it broke out of a defective cage. Rocks was forced to remain in the branches until the bear was shot. When chased up into

the trees he shouted for aid and was heard by pedestrians who telephoned to the police. The two patrolmen were sent to the scene but were driven away by the bear. A citizen with a reputation for marksmanship was sent for and he brought down the animal.

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